



MEMOIRS  
OF  
A COUNTRY DOLL



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**Memoirs of a Country Doll.**



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MEMOIRS  
OF A  
COUNTRY DOLL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

BY  
MARY CURTIS.

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COMPANION TO THE "MEMOIRS OF A LONDON DOLL."

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With Illustrations by D. C. Johnston.

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DEDICATION.

TO MY SISTERS, FANNY AND CAROLINE.

I HOPE YOU WILL  
NOT DESPISE MY FIRST EFFORTS, AND THAT YOU WILL FIND  
AS MUCH PLEASURE IN READING THIS LITTLE BOOK, AS I  
HAVE HAD IN WRITING IT.

MARY CURTIS.

THE following Memoirs were written by one of our young friends, (but eleven years of age,) for her amusement while sojourning in the country the past summer. The interest she appeared to take in them, has been the cause of their publication; and to the growing judgments, and gentle criticisms of such little readers, the volume is submitted. -

THE PUBLISHERS.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1852.

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MEMOIRS  
OF A COUNTRY DOLL.

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CHAPTER I.

MY PURCHASE, AND TWO MOTHERS.

THE first I can recollect is, that I was very long lying in a box in Soho bazaar, till one day I was taken down by one of the shopkeepers, and shown to a very pretty little girl, about three years old, who, after looking a whole case through, chose me. This little girl had flaxen curls, and was dressed very prettily. Her name was Lucy Fitzhenry. She wrapped

me up and carried me home to her house in the country, which was a very pretty country-seat. Two or three days after she had me, her nurse cut some very pretty clothes for me. My under-clothes were of very fine linen, and my dresses of flowered muslin, blue merino, and spotted calicoes. My mother was very careful of me; she washed me every morning (for I was a porcelain Doll), and dressed me, and undressed me at night. One day she took me into town to see the Queen and Prince Albert, which I enjoyed very much indeed. As we were coming home in the carriage, little Lucy let me drop out the window, upon some burdock leaves, where I lay for some time. When I lay there, several caterpillars came and crawled over me, and I thought that they were not very pleasant company; however, I did not tell them so. After I had lain there for about



two or three hours, I was picked up by a little raspberry picker, who was a German, named Johanna Worstel, who was overjoyed to find such a beautiful doll, and went instantly to show her brother, Robertin, who was also very glad. They then agreed to wrap me up in a cloth in which they had brought their dinner, and there I lay until night and thought over my past life; how my little mother Lucy had been so kind to me; how she had taken me out, ducked me in a little stream, then dried me in the sun, laughed with me, kissed me, and talked about my new mamma, when suddenly a gust of wind took my cloak off, and I laid there very cold. However, my mother came very soon and took me up. "Poor doll," said she, "how very cold she must be," and therefore she wrapped me up in my dress very tightly,

and then we went home. Their home was in a little building, (it was once an out-house, but the house had been removed and it stood alone,) where we had a very nice supper of water-cresses, bread and cheese. After that I was covered over with some leaves, and there I went to sleep.

## CHAPTER II.

ELLEN GREEN.

EARLY next morning my mother woke me up and carried me to the field. After a while she spoke to her brother Robertin, and said, — “Roby, don’t you tink dat I had better go and give dis little dolly to Emma Arthurst?” “Yes,” said Robertin, “for don’t you know how kind she was to us.” So off they started to give me to Emma, who was about five years old. Little Emma was delighted and gave Johanna a half crown. My mother, Emma, had another doll, whose name was Ellen Green, (by the by, I never had any name till my new mother gave me one, which was Josephine Arnoldson,) but I think

to this day she was a very naughty doll ; for she always spilt her tea on her dress, knocked down chairs, danced on the table, and I don't know what else. One day my mother came and took me early from my nice little bed, and dressed me in a beautiful frock of white muslin, with a pink sash, and violets and other flowers in my sash. I had seen my mother working on something for some time, and now I knew what it was. My mother then told me that it was May-day, and that I was to go to a May party ; but she said that Ellen should not go because she had behaved so naughty. At first I was glad to hear this, but after a while I felt differently and begged my mother to let her go. Whether my mother could not withstand my pleading, or had determined to try Ellen once more, I don't know, but she at last consented to take Ellen.

My mother was dressed in white, and so were a great many other little girls. We enjoyed ourselves very much, but at last Ellen began to behave badly. She tore a hole in her dress, and at last she acted so badly, that my mother had to put her in the hollow trunk of a tree where we left her. Then we all went into a clump of most beautiful pine trees, and eat our dinner there. After that we played round, and then went home, not without taking Ellen with us. I had stayed with my present mother about six months when I was taken sick, the account of which I will defer to my next.

## CHAPTER III.

## MY SICKNESS.

ONE night as I was lying in my bed, my head began to swim, my lips were parched, and I felt very sick. After passing the night in great distress, my mother came to me and said, "Dear little Josey, how sick you look!" and so she did not take me up. By and by the little girl who played the most with Emma came in and said, "Why, Emma, you have not taken your doll up this morning." "No," said Emma, "she is very sick, and so I did not think it best to take her up." "Well," said the other little girl, "I will be a doctor, and you must send for me to come and attend your doll." So

Emma sent, and the little girl came and ordered me some pills and a powder, which I was to take. They made the pills out of bread and the powder out of slate-pencil dust. I took these and they quieted my pain some, but still I was very sick. The next morning the doctor came and ordered me something else, which I took, as in duty bound, although I must say it did not taste very good. After two or three weeks I began to get a little better, and then Ellen came and saw me; but she began to talk in her old way about my having new dresses, and she having to take mine, (for she and I were of the same size,) and her having to stay in the trunk while I enjoyed myself, and then she ended by saying that she was glad I was sick, for now she could have her own way, as she had before I came. I found

out afterwards that my mother had been telling Ellen about me, and saying that I was a pink of perfection, and that she ought to pattern by me. So Ellen hated me heartily, which I was very sorry for, as I had a sort of liking for her, although she did behave so badly. One evening after tea, Emma having left the room, her father said, "Wife, I think that as Emma is old enough to help us, that she had better begin next week about the dairy and help you. She will have to dispense with her dolls, and I think she had better give her prettiest doll to her cousin, who, I dare say, will like it." When Emma came in, her father told her his intentions, and how she had better give the handsomest doll to her cousin Celeste. Emma cried very much at leaving her doll, and so did I, but she thought it better to do so.



## CHAPTER IV.

## EMMA'S COUSIN — MY NEXT MAMMA.

NEXT day Emma dressed herself very neatly, and rode over to her cousin's, which was about five miles from her father's house. Emma cried all the way, and I, in spite of myself, could not help crying too. At last we arrived at a very splendid mansion-house, where Emma's cousin lived. Her aunt was very glad to have Emma come, and Celeste was very much pleased with her doll, although she said she was almost too old to have a doll. By and by Emma went home, and I was left in the hands of my new mamma. She then called her brother, Maximilian Belmont, to see her doll, which he thought

was very pretty indeed. My last mother had told me that her aunt was a "baroness," and her uncle a "baron," which I was very glad to hear, as I thought I should see some very high life. The next day my new mother went out with her governess to buy some things for me, and as they could not buy any thing fit for me in the country, they went into town. They went to the very same place where I was first bought by my first mamma, Lucy, and bought me a swinging bed, with mattress, and all complete; also a tea-set, bureau, piano, a set of parlor furniture, and a most beautiful bracelet, necklace, ring, and a pair of ear-rings. We next drove to a jeweller's, and had my ears pierced, and the bracelet was marked "Josephine Arnoldson." I forgot to say that my mother bought me a most beautiful little house that I could live in, and



*Celeste Belmonts house P 20*



had it carpeted, papered, painted and furnished. The next day my mother's governess cut out some dresses for me. I had morning dresses, afternoon, visiting, riding, party and ball dresses. My party and ball dresses were so very handsome indeed, that I think I must let my readers know what I had. My party dress was a pink silk, looped up in front, showing a white satin skirt embroidered up and down with flowers over the silk. My ball dress was a white satin with white crape over it, and small bouquets down the front, white kid gloves, an embroidered handkerchief, white silk stockings, and white satin slippers. Also a most beautiful wreath of orange flowers and forget-me-nots for my hair, for I had real hair which curled.

## CHAPTER V.

## GARDENING.

ONE day I observed my mother put on her things very sily, call her governess and tell her to put on her things also, and come out. I thought to myself, "What can this mean? My mother has put on her clothes, called the footman and ordered the carriage, and has taken her governess with her." I guess it is something that I am not to know; for if it were not, I certainly would have gone with her. As I did not feel very well, I thought that I would lie down on my bed and take a nap. In a couple of hours my mother came home, and coming into the room where my baby-house was, took me out of the

bed, without saying a word to me about her having been out. I burned all the time to know what she had been out for. I could hardly eat my dinner, and when tea came I could eat nothing. The next day, at twelve, a man rang at the hall-door, and my mother ran down to let him in, a thing that she had never done before, and which made me so curious that I could not stand. In a few minutes my mother came running up stairs, and put a little bundle into my hands. I opened it very quickly, and what did I see but a little hoe, rake, spade and wheelbarrow! I thought that I could never thank my mother enough. When she saw how pleased I was, she told me that I should have a piece of ground, and she would get me some seeds, and she would also immediately make me a gardening dress, so that I could commence the next day. Oh,



how I longed for the morrow to come, and when the morning dawned I was almost crazy. My mother put on my dress, and giving me my tools took me into the garden, where I took my first lesson in gardening. I thought it was delightful. My mother told me that I should soon get along very fast, and that I should plant some flower and vegetable seeds. I felt very smart, and began to work away quite industriously, making improvement in the looks of my garden. When my mother appeared and told me breakfast was ready, I could hardly believe it, the time had passed so quickly. The next morning my mother waked me at half past five, and dressing me took me out. As we were going along to the garden we saw by the road-side a flock of geese, and as we passed along they set up a tremendous hissing. Oh, how frighten-



ed I was ; but my mother laughed at my fears, and told me not to be afraid, as they would not hurt me. When I got to the garden, I was all of a tremble, and for five minutes I could not do any thing. I got the garden all finished that morning before breakfast, and so I went in, and changing my dress went out to take a walk. As I went along the paths, I could not help feeling overcome. It was a beautiful spring morning, the dew was on the grass, and the birds were singing their morning song of praise to the Maker of all things, as they soared towards heaven. When my breakfast bell rang, I came in and told my mother of my pleasant walk, and she seemed very glad. The next morning my mother showed me how to plant seeds, after which she watered them, as she said the watering-pot was too large for me, but that she was going

to buy me one, so that I could water my plants when they came up. In a day or two my mother, her governess and I went into the city and bought me a little watering pot, and a little book that treated of gardening, which I put with my other books. One morning, about two weeks after planting my seeds, I was surprised to see several little green things which I thought were weeds, and I was just going to pull them up, when I happened to think that perhaps they might not be weeds after all, and that I would stop and ask my mother. My mother appearing up the gravel walks just then, I asked her what they were, and she told me that they were the plants just beginning to come up, and that I must water them every morning carefully, and soon they would come up higher and higher; then the leaves would come out, and at last little buds would

shoot forth and turn into flowers. But in order to have them do so, I must keep all the weeds away from them, water them morning and evening, and put up sticks for the running ones.

## CHAPTER VI.

## BLACKBERRYING.

AT six the next morning we both got up (that is, my mother and I), and began dressing ourselves. "Stop, Josephine," said she, "don't put on that dress, as you are not going out into the garden this morning." "Why not," said I, but I began to take off my dress. "Because," said my mother, "Geraldine Norton has invited me to a blackberrying, and you are to go." "Oh mother, I am so glad that I don't know what to do with myself; but what dress am I to wear?" "Oh, wear your purple calico." In half an hour we were dressed, had our breakfast eaten, and were ready to go. I was so impatient to

be off, that I thought that we should never go. Pretty soon Celeste (my mother) said she saw them coming; and sure enough there they were, a whole troop of boys and girls, with their pails and baskets. Celeste took me up in her arms and ran with me down the carriage-way, not without having brought her pail and mine. We next called for a dozen more girls and boys at their houses. At eight o'clock we had got about a couple of miles from the place. Antoinette Leland suddenly screamed out, "Here he comes, here he comes!" "What comes?" cried they all. "The bull, the bull," said Antoinette, and sure enough there was a monstrous large bull coming in double quick time right behind them. Such a scampering! Pell-mell went the whole troop to escape the pursuer. At last we saw a little cave not very far off, and all made a rush for that,

when my mother screamed out to George Glover, "Throw off that red scarf, George, or else the bull will gore you to death. Look, see how he foams and how madly he paws the ground!" The scarf was off in an instant, and the bull rushing upon it, began tearing it into a thousand pieces. When he was doing this, we had time to get out of his sight before he made another attempt to attack us. We soon got to the berrying place, and then we began to pick and talk in earnest. The theme of the conversation was about the bull, and how nicely they got away from him. George Glover made a wreath of leaves and presented it to Celeste, telling her that she was his guardian angel. Celeste gave him a box on the ear, but they both laughed heartily. In a few moments they heard screams, and beheld one of the girls rolling down the hill, and

all her berries spilt. One of the boys, however, stopped her, and all joined in filling her basket again. At noon we all had dinner, (each of the party bringing something,) under a group of trees. The dinner was an excellent one. We brought clear cool water from the spring, and squeezed berries into it; we had meats and every thing that we could want to make a gipsy dinner. One of the boys, Charles Hammond, to improve the repast, took a jews-harp out of his pocket, and played several tunes, beginning with "God save the Queen," and ending with an air from "Linda di Chamounix." His performance was loudly cheered. Bella Barker, one of the gayest of the girls, then got up and made a speech, which was also clapped and cheered. The dinner was then finished, and we went to pick some more berries to make up for the ones

we had eaten. On our way home, my mother and all the rest stopped to pick wild flowers, when Lorgnette Edwards ran forward to gather a little blue and white flower which was a little before her. Suddenly she began to scream, and running to the place where she stood, we found ourselves in no very pleasant situation, as we had got upon a marshy place, and were over our shoes in mud and water. We all began scrambling out as fast as we could, and turned our faces the other way. We went to a little spring that we saw, and taking off our shoes and stockings, gave them a washing out, for we said that we preferred to have wet stockings and shoes on our feet to muddy ones. After going a little way we saw a wild cherry tree, up which the boys soon scrambled, and threw down the fruit into our aprons. We got home about six



o'clock, having been gone eleven hours. I felt very tired, and was glad to have my supper, and get into bed.

## CHAPTER VII.

## BALLS, PARTIES, &amp;c.

ABOUT a week after my dresses were made, my mother said that we were going to the opera that night, and the opera was going to be "Robert le Diable." Oh! how glad I was; I almost went out my wits for joy, for now I knew that I should see some most splendid things. I was dressed in a blue silk, with an opera cloak and hood; my mother was dressed so also. At last we came to the opera. Oh, how my heart beat! After sitting a little while, the musicians began to play. Oh! such music; I felt as if I never wanted to go home, but wanted to stay there all my life. My mother then told me to hark and try to hear a little bell that would

ring very soon. I listened, and in a minute I heard it ring, and then ring again, and then the curtain was pulled up. The most beautiful singing that ever I heard was sung that night. I felt as if I was above the clouds, and listening to angels instead of mortals. By and by the curtain came down, and then my mother told me that was the end of the opera, but there was to be a ballet soon. I now had an opportunity to look round the house. The place was immense, and was filled with people. I never saw so many before in all my life, and I never could have believed that so many persons could be got into one place. Pretty soon we had the ballet, and if I was pleased with the singing I was still more so with the dancing. The ballet was "La Sylphide," and Taglioni took the principal part. We got home about one o'clock, and I laid till ten

the next morning, I was so sleepy. In a couple of weeks my mother took me to the Earl of Egmont's ball, where we had a most superb supper. There were about six hundred persons there, and I passed a most delightful night. I got home at twelve o'clock. I thanked my mother next morning for all her kindness to me, and she told me in the future that I should accompany her to all the balls she went to. So I went to a great many balls and parties, to which I owe my present polished manners. Even in the midst of their gaiety I had not forgotten my mother Emma Arthurst, and my sister Ellen, and was on the point of asking my present mother to let me go and see them, when she came running into the room and said, "Dear Josey, here is a letter for you from your last mother Emma." It ran thus:—

## CHAPTER VIII.

## DOLL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR JOSEY, —

I at last thought that I would write you. I hope you have not quite forgotten your last mamma, for I have not forgotten you. Your sister Ellen still continued the same bad girl, and so I sent her to a raggan who gave me a shilling for her, though I guess he will repent of his bargain before long, if she acts as naughty as she has with me. I am very busy now. I help my mother in a great many things, and am quite useful to her.

From EMILY ARTHURST.

I wrote back an answer which was this: —

Dear Mother Emily, —

Indeed I have not forgotten you, as you thought. Although I have every thing I can wish for, jewelry, clothes, and food, yet I can never forget the happy year I passed with you. I had hoped that my sister Ellen would have reformed, but I am very sorry that she has not. My present mamma is very kind to me; she has taken me to the opera and to balls and parties.

From your affectionate daughter, that  
was, JOSEPHINE ARNOLDSON.

About a week after I received another letter which read thus: —

My dear Daughter, —

I am very much pleased to hear that you still remember me as well as I remember you, and that you hoped that Ellen would reform. I hope you enjoy your-

self where you are, and see as many nice things as you can wish. Inclosed I send you a nice little pen for you to write me letters with once a week, if your mamma will let you.

From your late mother,

EMILY ARTHURST.

I answered it: —

Dear mother, —

I am very much pleased with my pen, and my present mother has given me leave to write once a week.

JOSEPHINE ARNOLDSON.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SEASHORE.

MY mother Celeste once took me down to Ramsgate, thinking, as she said, that I needed sea-bathing. She packed her clothes and mine, and ordered my house (the baby-house) to be carried behind her. The next morning my mother rode in her carriage, which was made expressly for herself and me, to the water-side, where we went into a little house, and putting on our bathing clothes, jumped into the water. My mother had fastened me by a string to her waist, and so could swim without being troubled by me. She then showed me how to keep myself above water and how to swim, for she said that



soon she was going to let me bathe alone. I enjoyed the water very much, and thought what a great loss it must be to some dolls, who cannot go into the water because their complexion will not allow them to be washed in any thing but sweet oil or butter. I thought how sticky it must feel during the process, and how uncomfortable it must be afterwards. We went into the little house again, after bathing, and put on our skirts and dresses. All day it was very hot, and we remained in the house reading, until evening, when we went to bathe again. While bathing, I saw several large birds fly over the water, and several times dip down into the waves. I asked my mother what they were, and she said they were sea-gulls.

The next morning, when we were in the midst of bathing, there was the cry of "A shark! a shark!" As soon as this

was said, every one started for the shore, and all got there safely, except one little girl, about nine years of age, who was so frightened that she could not swim. The shark was nearing to her every moment. At last a strong and brave man jumped into the water, and swimming up to the shark, killed him with a long knife which he carried in his belt. After a couple of weeks spent in this manner, we went home.

## CHAPTER X.

## AN ACCIDENT.

IN about a month I had a terrible accident, which I am about to relate. One summer afternoon, as I was looking out the window, I fell out of it into a winding stream, where I lay floating down I don't know where. I was so stunned by the fall that I fainted, and did not recover myself till I had floated some miles. When I recovered, I found that I was in the hands of some fishermen, (they were not regular fishermen, but only angling for sport,) who examined me very attentively. At last one said, "I'm sure I don't know what to do with this little doll." "Oh!" said the other one, "there

goes a little milk-maid, let's give it to her." "So I say," said the first. "Here little girl, don't you want a doll? if you do, here is one." "Thank you, Sir," said my new mother, whose name was Agnes Earl, "I'm very much obliged to you." So Agnes took me home. She was a very pretty little girl. She had black eyes, black hair, and a dark complexion. I passed a very pleasant life with my new mother. She used often to talk to me in a very motherly way; such as this: "My dear Josephine, I am very glad to see you behave so well, and I am very sorry that I cannot bring you into better society than I can. However, I think that we had better not worry about it, as you are almost polished enough." My mother used to talk to me in this way of evenings, and I hope I profited by some of her lectures to me on goodness. My mother

used often to give me baths, to which I think I owe my good health. One afternoon, after my mother had bathed me, as was her usual custom, and had laid me in the sun to dry, two little girls came along and picked me up.

## CHAPTER XI.

## QUARRELSOME MOTHERS.

“HOLLOA! here’s a doll, I’ll have it,” said the biggest girl, whose name was Martha Griggs.

“No you won’t, either, so there you told a lie,” said Madge Griggs.

“I’m the oldest, and ought to have it,” screamed Martha.

“And I’m the youngest, and the oldest ought to give up to the smallest one,” said Madge.

“You shan’t, you shan’t, you impudent jade, so you may just clear out of the way,” yelled Martha, striking her sister with all her might.

“Oh! oh! oh! how you have hurt me! I shall tell mother of you as soon as we get home,” said Madge.

“I don’t care if you do, Miss,” said Martha.

Then they went home, Martha with the doll, and Madge following behind her all the way. I thought that I was very unfortunate in the change of my mammas, for, thought I, I can’t pass a very pleasant time with these quarrelsome mammas, and I’m afraid that I may have my legs or arms, or even my head broken in a fray, which I should not like very much. At last we came to the house where they lived, and then we had supper, and I was put to bed. I cried very much that night, for I was sad at leaving my little mother Agnes, and I felt bad at having such quarrelsome mothers as I now had. I never could get a moment’s peace, for if one of

my mothers wanted me put to bed, the other one wanted me to get up. I can remember one day what a quarrel occurred, and these were the words, as nearly as I can recollect. "Madge, where's my doll?" "It's not your doll." "That's a lie." "It aint, I'll have that doll." "You won't, I found it in the grass." "I'm the youngest and ought to have it. Father says you ought to give up to the youngest." "Will you tell me where that doll is, for I want to put its apron on?" "Ah, ha, you won't get it now, if you want to put its apron on, for I am going to put its worst dress on, so as to let it slabber in the dirt." "No you won't, either," and Martha gave Madge slap after slap, and slap after slap, till I thought that Madge would never see light again. That night when I went to bed, I thought how much better it would have been for Martha to



have kindly asked Madge for me, and for Madge to have answered kindly; and I hope that all my readers will never imitate Madge and Martha.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE SNOW-MEN.

THE next day after the quarrel, my mother said that the children, during recess at school, were going to make a "snow-man," and that they would take me to school with them. At twelve they had their recess, when Martha, not finding her scarf as usual, laid the loss of it to Madge, and said, "You, Madge, what have you done with my scarf? bring it here." "I have not done any thing with it," said Madge. "You lie," was the coarse and unladylike retort. At last Martha found her scarf, hanging on her nail, with her cloak over it. When we got into the yard, my mothers brushed away the

snow from off a little place on the steps, and set me down there to see the making of the snow-man. The manner of making it was thus:— They each took a small snow-ball and rolled it in the snow, over and over, and then they joined all together and made one large ball. They then took a stick and made a couple of holes in the ball for eyes, and made a straight mark, rather deep, for his mouth, and then took a piece of snow and made it into a nose, as well as they could, and fastened it on. Then they made another ball considerably larger than the first, for his body, and put his head upon it. Legs and arms were also fastened upon the body. When this was done, they all gave three cheers, and went into the school-room.

When my mother got home, they thought that they would try and make a snow-man, such as the boys had made in the school-yard.

They had got the head made, and were looking after a stick with which to make the eyes and mouth, when down came the head upon Madge, knocking her down to the ground, and covering her up with snow. As soon as she had extricated herself, she let loose her tongue, and another scene and storm of words followed after their usual manner. Such frequent disputes as these made me regret more and more my previous home, and long to make some change, which I thought must certainly be for the better; but the time had not yet come.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE THEATRE.

THE next week the children's teacher said that he would take them to the "Theatre," for they had behaved so well! I thought differently.

There was nothing talked of but the "Theatre" from morning till night; and I am sorry to say that this was a subject of dispute too. One said they would get the first bill and have theirs read through first, and the other was going to hear the bell jingle first, and sit in the front seat; one was going to be looked at the most, and be dressed first; and the other was going to get into the carriage first, and get the best seat, and so on. The day

at length arrived. I felt happy, too, though there was such dispute, for I remembered when I went to the "Opera" with my late mother, Celeste Belmont, and how I enjoyed myself. The children were in high spirits, and kept incessantly talking of what a nice time they would have if they were only there now. I longed to tell them to have a little patience, but I was afraid I should get my neck broke if I did so. At length the maid arrived to dress them, and in their hurry to get up stairs before each other, Madge tumbled down stairs, but did not hurt her much. Such dressing, why you would almost think their clothes flew off, as did their buttons, in their hurry to get dressed before each other. Martha got dressed first, and then she went for me. I was in a pink muslin, with blue roses in my hair, and my mother thought I

looked splendidly. We lived out of town, and had to ride into the city, so we had a very nice ride. We went to the "Covent Garden Theatre." It is a splendid place, but not so pretty as the "Royal Italian Opera House," where I went with my mother, Celeste Belmont. There was some scrambling to get the front seat between Madge and Martha, but at last it was settled. We sat in a stage box, which was beautiful. The play began. There was once a beautiful young girl, and she had two lovers; she liked one, and the other she didn't like; and there were meetings, and tumbling-down places, and all that sort of thing. At last this pretty young girl married the lover she liked, and the other lover went away, when I tumbled on to the stage in a bouquet which they threw, though they did not know that they had thrown me.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## MY STAGE EXPERIENCE.

I WAS now in the hands of a pretty little "*danseuse*," who ran with me into the "green-room," saying, "Oh! mother, see this beautiful Dolly, that was thrown to me in a bouquet; isn't it pretty?"

"Yes," said her mother, "it is very pretty, but hadn't you better put it down, and go and dance the "*Craccovienne*," which you have got to dance?" "Certainly, mother, as soon as I have got my heels on." I found out soon afterwards that it was her dancing heels. My new mother's name was Caroline Eldgrave. We soon went home to a very nice house, where we boarded. That night how thankful



I was that I had got away from Madge and Martha, for now I felt I should enjoy myself very much ; and besides that, I should see behind the scenes, and be in the dressing-room, which I had often wished for. The next day my mother took me to the rehearsal, and when she began to dance, she put me beside one of the wings, so that I might learn to dance. We lived out in the country, about ten miles south of my late mother's house, in a very neat cottage. My new mother taught me a great many fancy dances, among which were "La Cachuca," "La Craccovienne," "La Smolenska," "Highland Fling," and a great many "hornpipes," besides quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, and the Mazurka, Redowa, and Schottische. My mother was to dance and act in a new pantomime, which was called "The Elements and Fairies ;" and

which she was determined to have me act in. So she asked the manager if he could not have me do something in it. The manager consented, and when my mother told me, oh! how happy I felt. My mother took me to the rehearsal every day with her, and made me a dress. It was of white gauze, over white satin, with gold spangles, and a gold paper crown on my head. Of course I had little silver shoes and fleshings. I was to represent the Fairy's guard in the clouds, and to appear in a sun. I at first felt rather giddy when I mounted the pedal behind the sun, but I soon got accustomed to it. I appeared to a lover in a dream. I did not feel degraded, and I hope my readers will not think less of me.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE PANTOMIME.

THE evening arrived. We drove into town rather earlier than usual. My mother let me peep through a little slit in the curtain to see if the house was full. The play commenced, and was as follows : First, there came a most beautiful fairy, and said, "Elements, I beg your aid; come forward! and be not afraid." Immediately a water-fall that was pouring over some rocks divided, and a most beautiful fairy came out, and said, "Queen, I come at thy command, what would'st thou have?" "Be patient, spirit." Then the Fairy of Air appeared, and said, "Queen, what would'st thou?" "Be patient."

Then the Fairy of Earth came right out of the floor, and said, "O Queen, I come at thy call." "Be patient." Then the Spirit of Fire came forth out of a rock with a loud hissing noise, and said "What would ye have me do? I'll burn down houses and land, nor deal with a partial hand." "Stop," said the Queen, "none of this! Instead of hurting, I want you all to befriend, a poor young man, who goes to get the talismanic wand, which will put him in possession of the most beautiful princess in the world. Therefore I request that you shall aid him." Then they all answered, "Whatever is thy will, we do." The next scene was a wood, where this young man passes through, and is attacked by demons, snakes, bears, and all sorts of bad things. At length he goes to sleep, and I appear to him in a sun, and hold a scroll, which



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says on it, "Persevere! the fairies, thy guardians, are ever near." Then the scene changes to a demon's place of resort. Here all is fire and demons, with square faces, and some with hump-backs and goggle-eyes, claws, wings, and tails. The king then said, "Ye devils of lower regions, come forward!" And instantly a whole troop of devils, of all shapes and sizes, came forward. He then told them that he wanted them to exert themselves, and try to keep that young man from getting the wand, so that he could not get the princess. Then one of the devils said that he would go and misguide him; and so he dressed up as a handsome young man, and went and met this man that was going to get the wand, and said, "Friend, where goest thou?" "I go to seek the wand." "You do! why then you have got the wrong path." "I have! why



'twas only a minute ago that an old man said that I had the right path, if I went to seek the wand." "Do not believe him; he lies; that is the way which lies open before. Take that path there. Adieu!" The young man that was to seek the wand, said, "How lucky that I met that man; for if I had not I should have gone the wrong way, and missed the princess for ever." Then there was a clashing sound, and I appeared in the sun, and held another scroll, which said, "That young man is a demon disguised, and has led you into the wrong path. Take this ball and throw it before you, and wherever it rolls, you follow." I threw him down a ball. He then followed the ball, and disappeared. The next scene was, where the "Fairies" were, and they sung splendidly. Presently the Queen came through the air, riding in a chariot, drawn by pea-



cocks. She said, "Listen, Fairies." Then the fairies said, "We will." The Queen said, "The young man will soon reach the palace where the wand is kept. I wish you to help him across the 'Golden Lake.' Now disperse." Then all the fairies disappeared. The next scene was, where the demons were, again; and the demons screamed horribly, and the King came through the air, in a coach, drawn by serpents, and said, "Hark, Demons;" and the demons said, "We will." The King said, "The young man, who will soon be at the palace in spite of our endeavors, is to cross the 'Golden Lake;' and I wish you to do all in your power to prevent him from getting the wand. Now go;" and all the devils went. The next scene was the palace, where the wand was kept, and the young man got the wand in spite of all the devils and bats, owls, serpents,

dragons, and ghosts. As soon as he had got the wand in his hands, the devils all uttered a scream, and went through the floor, and a chariot came through the air with the "Princess," (who was my mother) and the "Fairy Queen." The scene changed to a most beautiful garden, with the palace of the sun at the back, and the sun over it, and I in it. All the performers were on the stage at once, and danced a "Fancy Dance." This ended the pantomime, or rather spectacle, for nearly all spoke. After the performance, a little girl came in the dressing-room, and her father and mother. My mother saw that she cast longing eyes at me, and so she stepped up, and said, "Will you be so kind as to accept of this Doll?" The little girl said she would.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## MY NEXT MOTHER.

WE then drove home. My mother's name was Garafelina Shoppard. They were a very vulgar, purse-proud, stuck-up people. My little mother was all the time talking to me about money, and making a show. We went to a party one night. My mother's mother, (my *grandmother*) did not know how to dress in good taste at all. She was dressed in a black and yellow changeable silk, and my mother was dressed in a green and orange, with a wreath of red roses in her hair. My grandmother tried to talk French, but she mispronounced every word. That evening, when any one was introduced, she would

ask them if they could "*barley vouse frog's hay*,"—and at supper, she said that she would take "*chockalat*," it was such a "*soul stirring beverage*." She took ice cream, and said that "she always took ice cream, *bekase* she thought it cooled her *heterogeneous and amalgamated system*; besides, it was the merry month of *Jew-win*." At home, when we had company, she always talked so. We had some pretty high folks, for she had worked her way into the upper ten. One evening Sir Thomas Fitz-Patrick came to see her. At tea, she said, "Dear Sir, let me persuade you to take one *airy* mouthful of '*fram boyses*,' or else do condescend to taste some '*frommage*;' it is quite new, my Lord, and I hope it will please your '*diddle de tory*,' taste." After tea, she said, "Oh! My Lord, don't you perfectly adore Byron and Shakspeare? I think that one is so

‘*cherubimical*,’ and the other so ‘*seraphical*.’ Don’t you recollect that passage from ‘*Macbeth*,’ in act second, and scene second, ‘*Hark, who lies i’ the second chamber;*’ and in *Hamlet’s* ‘*solukey*’ in scene fifth, act first, ‘*Alas! poor ghost?*’” My little mother used to prink before the glass, and hold me up to see how handsome I was, till I was very tired of looking at myself. My mother never let me do any sewing, for fear I should spoil my fingers, and thus I passed a very idle life. I could not read much, as my mother was afraid that I would hurt my eyes. One day my mother said, that her grandmother was coming to live with us, and also her aunt, who was not married. She said that she hated old maids, though they had got to come; but she would not speak to them. I was very sorry indeed to hear this.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## NUTTING.

ONE day, before her grandmother and aunt came, my fine mother, Garafelina, told me that she had been invited to a nutting, but as a nutting was so low a pastime, she had half a mind not to go. Her mother, however, told her, she would cut such a grand show, that she had better go ; so she had consented, and was going to take me with her. The next morning my mother was up early, and awoke me, when the following conversation was held : — “ Josey, my dear, I think you had better have on your silk dress, as I want you to make a grand show,” said my mother. “ But,” said I,

“hadn’t I better wear another, as I may spoil it?” “Why, child,” what can you be thinking of? don’t you want to make a show?” “Yes, mother, but I had rather take comfort than make a show?” “Stop, do as I have bid you, and say no more about it.” In the course of an hour my mother and I had got dressed, and as we descended to the dining-room, Garafelina’s mother said to her, “My dear, the young misses and masters have all been waiting here some time, and I told them that you were not up yet, and so they waited.” “Dear me! how sorry I am,” said my mother, in her most affected tone, “to have given these young ladies and gentlemen the affliction of waiting for me.” “Not at all,” they politely replied. We now started, and as we got out of the door, my mother started back, and said, “Mercy on me! haven’t you any carriage



or barouche for us to ride in, I shall be so extremely and exceedingly fatigued?" However, they had not, and so we started along; Garafelina all the time lamenting that she had not got her "landau" with her, as she would die very soon. In an hour or so we got to the woods, where we sat down to rest ourselves. While thus resting, we heard a very loud screaming; and turning in the direction of the cry, there we saw my mother, Garafelina, screeching with all her might, "Oh save me, save me!" she cried. All the boys and girls ran to her, and asked her what was the matter. "Oh the spider, the spider!" she screamed, and upon looking, they found a very small spider on her dress, and she, instead of shaking it off, began to scream lustily. I thought my mother was very foolish to make so much ado about a little spider, but I did not tell her so.



Garafelina being rid of the spider, began to gather the nuts, with the rest of the party. But then she tore her dress on a bramble-bush, and had her veil torn off by the boughs, which accidents made her so ill-humored, that they all secretly agreed never to invite her again. As they were going home, they saw a drove of cows before them, which made my mother run and scream like a maniac. One of the little girls said that they were her mother's cows, and that if they would come into the cow-yard, they could see them milked. None of the party hesitated but Garafelina, who said that she did not want to go into a dirty old cow-yard. Soon, however, she changed her mind, and went. I had seen cows milked at my mother's house, (I mean Agnes Earle's); but I enjoyed the scene before me very much. First, half of the girls tried, and then the other

half; and then half of the boys, and then the other half. When it came Garafelina's turn, she went about it so awkwardly, that it made them all laugh. She spattered a shower of milk over upon her dress; the cow knocked her down; and when she got up, she was indeed a sight! Her dress and veil were torn, and spattered with dirt, and her dress was all covered with spots, where the milk had been spattered upon her. When she got home, she complained of the ill treatment she had received; and her mother said that she should never go again to a nutting.

When I went to sleep that night, I prayed that I might be delivered from such a mother, and be placed in the hands of a better one, who had more sense, and who was not so ill-humored and proud. Early next morning my mother told me

sorrowfully, that her old aunt and grandmother were coming next week, for which I was quite as sorry as my mother, for I thought that I had enough of troubles.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## AN OLD MAID AND A GRANDMOTHER.

IN a week they arrived. The old maid was a quiddling thing, and the grandmother was always saying that she could never get over a cold ; and then she would tell how she had got it. One day this aunt (her name was Betsy Harper) said to my mother, " Do make your doll's hair curl a little more to the front, and tie her shoe-string a little longer ; and there ! do fix her apron-string, I hate to see it touch the placket-hole." " Oh !" said her grandmother, " never mind, Betsy, if you had such a cold as I have got ; I never can get rid of it." " Do stop," said Betsy. This aunt objected to my having my soup eaten

so quick ; she always allowed herself five minutes to have it eaten, and no more, nor less. Then I was to hold my spoon just so, and only to put half a spoonful in at a time, for she had known little girls (and she said, why not dolls as well as girls?) to be choked in taking a whole spoonful at a time. Nor must I take a quarter of a spoonful, as I would not have my soup eaten in five minutes. I am sorry to say that I often wished that this aunt was in the Red Sea, and not very near dry land ; but I suppose that it was all meant for my good. One evening there was company, and one lady took me up, and said, "This is a beautiful doll." "But don't you think that she would be handsomer, if she had her hair curled a little closer, and if one of her nostrils was a little better shaped, and if one of her eyes was a little higher and blacker," said

Betsy Harper. "I don't know, I'm sure," said the lady. At this moment Garafelina came up, and said, that if the lady would be pleased to accept of the doll, and carry it home to her little girl, that she would be very much obliged to her. The lady thanked Garafelina, and said that Amelia would be very much pleased with me. I hoped that my new mother would take good care of me, and love me very much. Whether she did or not, you will hear in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## ACCIDENTS.

“AMELIA see what I have brought you,” said Mrs. Joyce to her little girl.

“What is it mother?”

“A most beautiful little doll.”

“Oh, goody! mother, how glad I am.”

“Well, my little girl, I am glad to see that you like the doll; but wait till morning, and then you can see her plainly.”

The next day was occupied in admiring me. Her mother said,

“Amelia, now you must be very careful of this doll. Her name is Josephine Arnoldson.”

“Oh yes, mother, I shall be very careful of her indeed.” But in a week my little

mother began to be rather careless of me ; she left me all around the house, and very often left me in the barn and wood-house all night.

One day, when, as usual, she had left me on the sofa, a fat old lady came in and sat on me, and broke one of my arms. All the time that she was sitting on me, she hurt me dreadfully, and I could not speak, she suffocated me so. After she had gone, my mother found me, and said, " Oh, oh, my dear child ! how much you must have suffered, to have had old Mrs. Jones sit on you, and I do declare if your arm is not broken ! " Her mother who stood by, said,

" Amelia, she would not have been broken if you had not left her about ; in future you must look out where you leave her ; and to-night I will get your father to mend her arm."



My next accident was thus: Amelia's brother took me by the arm and flung me round the room, and then suddenly let me drop, and cracked a piece out of my head. I was taken to a shop where I had my head mended. One can scarcely notice the mark, except a little very white spot, whiter than the rest of my body. One day Amelia was washing me, and she held me too near the fire to dry me, when my hair caught, and in a moment was all in flames. I screamed with all my might, and so did my mother; and her nursery-maid caught me up and soused me in a basin of water. Such a fright as I was! my hair was all burned off. It was some time before I got over my fright and pain. The next week I was taken to the city, where a barberess made me another wig. One day a large Newfoundland dog took me up in his mouth, and run away with me

only in fun, but I was terribly frightened. In a day he brought me home again, much to the relief of my mother and myself. My mother told me that she had suffered very much for my absence, and she was going to give me up for lost, (for one of her servants said that she had better hunt for me, but after a while she said she couldn't,) when her maid came running up with me, and said that she had just found me on the front-door step. In a month I had my right leg broken very badly, but after a while it got well again. My mother carried me out to walk, when the same dog snatched me away, and took me to my present mother.





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## CHAPTER XX.

## CONCLUSION.

MY new mother's name was Violet La Grange, and she was very much pleased with me, and showed me all round the house. Every one else seemed pleased with me too, especially Lily, her younger sister, who patted the dog, and called him a "real good dog," and many other names. The place where I now live is called "La Grange Place," and is a most beautiful mansion-house, with parks, and everything else befitting such a splendid place. My new mother made me dresses, and got me a little house, in which I can live. I think I never shall have any other mamma, for she told her little sister that she should

have me when she is herself too old to play with me. I have formed an acquaintance with another doll, who lives a little way from here. Her name is "Maria Poppet," and her mother is Lucy Ashbourne, the most intimate friend of my mother. For Maria I entertain a most lively friendship, and when our mammas are playing round, we relate to each other our adventures. Maria's adventures you may read in a volume entitled "The London Doll."

I now close, — hoping that my readers will find as much pleasure in reading my adventures as they have had in reading Maria's.













